The Cheerful Heart.

"The world is ever as we take it, And life, dear child, is what we make it." Thus spoke a graadam bent with care, To little Mabel, flushed and fair. But little Mabel took no heed that day Of what she heard her grandam sav.

Years after, when no more a child, Her path in life seemed dark and wild. Back to her heart the memory came Of the quaint utterance of the dame:

"The world, dear child, is as we take it, And life, be sure, is what we make it." She cleared her brow, and smiling tho 'Tis even as the good soul taught ! "And half my woes thus quickly cured,

The other half may be endured." No more her heart its shadow wore; A little child in love and trust.

She took the world (as we, too, must) In happy mood; and lo! it grew Brighter and brighter to her view. She made of life (as we, too, should) A joy; and lo! all things were good. And fair to her, as in God's sight, a When first he said, "Let there be light."

HUSBAND OR CHILD?

No other axe resounded through the forest with such a clear and decided ring as that wielded by Thomas; none other so sure of its aim, while raised between the sky and its destined rest. His voice was the most cheerful and

his carol the merriest that reverberated

Wherever his hands were employed, the work was accomplished in half the time. "The merry Thomas," the "magnificent Thomas," the "indus-trious Thomas," were the names given him by the people far and wide, and when he married and became the father of a son he was jollier than ever.

His wife seemed to partake of his

His wife seemed to partake of his spirit and his boy gave promise of becoming just such a happy soul. The whole neighborhood were happy in the harmonious life of this joyous trio, while each derived a particular pleasure in witnessing the felicity of the other. But suddenly the lightning flash of circumstances penetrated this happy home. One bright morning, are in kand, he stood beside a fallen tree, while wife

stood beside a fallen tree, while wife and son stood near, ready to gather the fragments, and they were no mean that fell beneath Thomas' stroke.

High over his head the glittering steel was raised, and, as his glance noted the reflected ray of sunshine fol-Iowing it, he shouted merrily, "Wife, see'st thou my meteor? Hui! is it not verily like the flash of one?" But the shining metal and its active meteo light did not disappear within the wood.
Glancing lightly over the bark, it entered Thomas foot, and there was no time for useless tears. The wife's grieving heart did not vent itself in idle lamentations, but questioned, how was she to get her husband home?

The other laborers had not arrived. Thomas was always the first at work, as now he was also the first to regain his cheerfulness to encourage wife and child in this trial. A spring near sup-plied water to wash the wound that hold me toward Thomas. I thought, proved to be severe, and the manly Anton divested himself of his little shirt to bind it up with.

This carefully done, Thomas set his big white teeth firmly together, rose, grasping with one hand the shoulder of his boy, and supported on the other his boy, and supported on the other the thing was upon us. I heard men's side by his wife, he ordered, "March voices warning through the mist. It quick! the house is not such a long way off, then all will be well." Taking the shortest route home

obliged them to cross over a railroad from my child, grasped for my husband, track. Although this was a forbidden and, with the strength of a giantess, them to cross over a railroad road for pedestrians, they considered it the best in this emergency. But here the awful monster had passed, leaving misfortune overwhelmed them in terme the crushed remains of my child." rible earnest.

At the first step the sufferer caught his wounded foot in the rail, stumbled, trembled in every limb, clutching at fell, throwing his little boy into the his beard as if it could steady him. I fell, throwing his little boy into the his beard as if it could steady him. I middle of the road, breaking the little sat a speechless witness of this fearful

fellow's leg.

A helpless, living mass, they lay there, and before both could be rescued from their perilous bed the steaming, roaring monster of the road came tearing down upon them, leaving their boy a mangled, bleeding corpse the

next instant before them.

Such was the story told by Thomas and his wife to the horrified and sympathizing people.

But there must have been something singular and mysterious connected with this mournful event that remained untold-a secret within their own hearts for, spite of repeated endeavors to have the story told again, they would always genuine happiness covered her face; the family desired to return to Canada, "You have heard it once,"

while a shudder of horror followed at the remembrance.

I left no pains untried to ingratiate myself in their favor and obtain their me; his eyes flashing with joy, his confidence. Not only curiosity was ex-cited, but I had a real psychological in-the first time in years his broad shining terest in the matter, and I acknowledge teeth appeared through a smile once just the least suspicion of something

lead these people back to happiness. It is not necessary to explain how I brought it about; suffice it is to say that one day, in presence of her husband, Frau Thomas unburdened her sadly oppressed heart to me in this

great deal happier, and loved Thomas tears fell on his wife's hands and face: better than ever when he was at my she, too, sobbed and wept with him. side, but I could also enjoy his absence, They were the first tears. None were and not watch window and door constantly if he chanced to remain away longer than usual. I used to tease him me so, all these years, sir. The quesfrequently and say: 'Somebody is weltion constantly appeared before me: come to steal you, now I've got my baby.' He would laugh at me then, saying: 'Well, if you have no further blood? I could find no rest. My peace

appeared at the door, and he would laugh at me with those great white teeth and say: 'Husband or child, which?' Then I quickly replied: 'Husband, oh! the husband!

"But it was so queer, for just as soon as he was with me again, my spirit for teasing returned and I would say : 'I think it is the child, after all.'

"Then he would take the boy from my breast and dance him joyfully up and down, and say, 'You are right!' "Then he would give me a good kiss, and thus our little innocent 'jars' were never quarrels, and ended in perfect

She gazed for a moment silently before her, while Thomas sat nodding his

head silently.
"You see," she continued, "it necessary to tell you all this. If it does seem foreign to the real subject, it belongs to it, for it became a matter of most heartrending thoughts to us afterward. This question asked in joke became a frightful fact."

The woman was so overcome she could scarcely continue, and her eyes turned a mute appeal for help toward her husband, but he only shook his head mournfully, making a motion with his hand as if to bid her speak on, looking into her eyes lovingly, as if to cheer

"Well, the story we told at the time of the accident was true in every particular, up to our arrival at the railroad track. There it was a little different. and we hesitated in giving the exact manner of the horrid occurrence. We have never fully understood ourselves why. It would have been better, I think, if we had not made a secret of it; much of this weary shadow that has clouded our lives would have worn away,

had we talked it over with another perin the beautiful woodland that extended through the Rhineland to the borders right-minded man like yourself will advise and judge if I have erred.

"It happened thus: As my Anton and I led father toward the track I imagined I heard the locomotive, but I could see nothing, as a heavy fog lay on the ground, and I supposed that the moments were precious. My poor Thomas was suffering terribly, saying his foot was burning like caustic, and it was only a step and we would be over. and had Thomas not had the misfortune to stumble, we would have crossed

safely. "They both lay in the middle of the road, Anton to the right of me and Thomas to the left, and in that instant their startled cry and the shricking roar of the iron monster fell on my ear, and, through the dense fog I saw his burning, greedy eye fastened on my dear one, while the fiery sparks were thick-ly scattered about, as if hell itself had been opened to devour them.
"Oh! if I live a thousand years, the

horror of that moment will remain, as I realized I could save one of them, only "Ah! sir! human nature may be

subject to a million different distressneartaches and mental struggles, but heap them all into a lifetime, it is as nothing compared to what I endured in a few seconds.

"I have often wondered since how it was possible the mind could comprehend so much while subject to such intolerable suffering and fright, as now, thought after thought flashed through my brain in so short a time.

"My mother-heart yearned for my child, and I seemed to grasp it, while the hand of God Himself seemed to was he not thine before the child? Did you not swear at the altar never to forsake him? It seemed, then, as I loved him best; he was more useful on earth. Then I thought, oh! horrible raven mother! to desert your child! But voices warning through the mist. It was as if they tried to stop it, but failed. It cut the darkness and rushed toward us; with one bound I turned raised him off the track, turned, but

She stopped short, as if sundenly frozen in body and soul. Her husband grief. My sympathy had no words; my eyes must have told them how deeply I entered with them into this touching

history. Thomas recovered himself first. Going to his wife he tenderly placed his arm around her. She started with the magnetic touch, looked up at him, and then at me, as if waiting for me to pass judgment.

I could only take her hand between my own and say:
'Poor, poor mother! Noble woman!

Righteous wife !' At this, her eyes beamed as if sud-denly relieved of a dark vail; a flush of

whole countenance of the woman changed from a sluggish horror to an incomparable relief.

Thomas stretched his hand toward

foul; a criminal secret, possibly an ac-cident, that required but little light to good words, sir," she cried. "It seems since hearing you as if we dared be happy again !" She embraced her husband, looked

lovingly up to him, and softly asked: "Do you think so, Thomas?"
"Just so, just so, wife." He could scarcely articulate the words for the "After the birth of our child I was a emotion that conquered him now. Hot

> shed during that horrible time. "You see what it was that changed

the distressed family. I said reproachfully to her: "You appear only to think of yourself, Frau Thomas. Do you not suppose your husband has also suffered all those years the same as yourself?" She looked at me astonished, and rather abashed, replied :
"Of course he was miserable to see

me so, but, as he could not help me, e let me alone.

"Now, Fran Thomas, we have the secret, and that is where you have been unjust, and wronged your husband. You daily exhibited regret that his life had been saved at so great a sacrifice to yourself. It left him in more uncertainty regarding your love for him, and can you blame him if he did not think nis life too dearly bought? It was noble in him not to reproach you for saving his life at the cost of the one dearer to you. Is it not so, Thomas ?"

"Truly, you have read my feelings bet ter than I could have explained them. Frequently my heart seemed to break when I realized what you have said, but could not blame her, when she had done so much for me."

The woman's face was a study. Embarrassment, regret, perplexity—all appeared, until for very shame she cast herself upon her husband's breast, begging his pardon.

It was his turn to be embarrassed now, and it was really touching to see the man act as if he had done something very foolish.

I left them confident in their future happiness, and so it proved. In time another child came to bless the sorely-tried mother's heart, but never again the question, "Husband or child?"

Running Upon Fire. While I stood quietly looking about me, says Nicholas Pike, a rush was made to the centre of the grounds, where a large crowd soon assembled. Piles of wood were burning, which in about an hour, became a bed of live embers. Two nude men, having longhandled rakes, were engaged in getting out the unburnt pieces of wood and distributing the embers over a square of about twenty-five feet. An excavation was made on one side about a foot deep and six square, in close proximity to the bed of embers, and filled with water. During this raking several persons were engaged in dashing water over the men to prevent their being scorched by the heat, which was intolerable, even where I stood. Everything being pronounced ready by the priest who superintended the whole, music was heard in the distance, and a procession moved along the grassy plain, preceded by men bear-ing upon their shoulders a small platform, on which was an image, dressed in Indian costume, loaded with jewelry. They came on in silence and halted near the burning mass. Presently another similar procession advanced from the opposite side and faced the first.

child in his arms. square and walked unflinchingly across the glowing bed of embers. young men followed, and then a dozen rushed in and ran across, stopping for a moment to cool their feet in a trench filled with water. The contortions, screeching and yelling of these latter were terrible, and I turned away sick at heart from the sight. This part of the rite is called thinnery, or walking upon fire. It seems to me literally the old worship of Moloch revived, and any-thing more heathenish and devilish I cannot imagine. Strange to say, the Indians persist that they do not get burnt. For at least a month previously they undergo severe tests, taking little except rice and milk; do not even touch grease or animal food; pray incessantly, get the priest's blessings, and then walk fearlessly over the burning embers. They say it is only those who have eaten forbidden food (especially salt fish), got drunk, or committed some unrepented sin, who get burnt.—Rambles in the Land of the Apnanayterxp.

An Interesting Case.

In the Supreme Court in Missouri, a few days ago, an interesting case was decided on appeal. It originated in the Probate Court of St. Louis county, and grew out of exceptions made to items in the administrator's account in making the final settlement of the estate of one John Walsh. It appears from the record that John Walsh died between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon, August 1, 1866; that he had a wife and one son who survived him; that the son died between 9 and 10 o'clock the same evening, and that the wife died about one hour afterward. At the time of the death of John Walsh his father, aged over seventy years, resided with him, and after the death of his son and where he had formerly resided, but having no means, applied to the administrator for assistance. The latter, sup-posing him to be one of the heirs, ad-vanced him \$200, for which the Probate Court refused to allow credit. It was natural that the father should suppose himself an heir when his son and his son's wife and child were all dead; but the wife having been the survivor, al though but a few minutes, became the sole heir, and through her the estate passed to her heirs, consisting of her mother, brothers, and sisters, according to the decision of the Probate Judge, which was sustained in the Supreme Court.

The Late Judge Samuel Nelson.

Samuel Nelson, late Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, died suddenly at his residence in Cooperstown, New York, of apoplexy. For some months past his health has been good, but a week before his death he complained of having taken a slight cold, and was confined to his room till two days before his death. While s ituse for me, all right,' and playfully leave the room as if in dreadful anger, and bang the door. But I knew he was only in fun, and laughed as if I did not care. Nevertheless, my heart grew sad and was disturbed until his face again

Far Western Amusements.

How Two Men Robbed a Store and Dis-

Mesars, Bryant & Chandler are the proprietors of a small country grocery and dry goods store, located south of Grand River and a few miles south of the village of Westpoint, Missouri. The store is a decent frame building at the cross roads, about half a mile east of the Kansas stage line. It was just s the shades of evening had cast a gloom over the prairies in the vicinity that two strangers rode up to the store. They were young men, evidently between 24 and 28 years of age, one a air-complexioned man, wearing light

whiskers; the other, rather younger, had dark hair, and sported a moustache and beard a la imperial. The eldest wore a brown chinchilla overcoat; the youngest were a soldier's overcoat. Both had their foreheads concealed by common black felt hats. Mr. Bryant was alone in the store, the evening was cold and rather dark, the nearest house was several hundred yards away. The two young men entered the store and walked up to the stove to warm them-selves. They entered into a pleasant and gossipy conversation with Mr. Bryant, and appeared to be acquainted with the country. They asked to see some woolen searfs, and finally selected one and paid for it and turned to the stove. Mr. Bryant proceeded with his various duties in the store, all the time keeping up a careless and jovial conversation with the two good-looking

Mr. Bryant turned from his shelves. where he had been busily engaged straightening up for the night, when he found his face in very uncomfortable proximity to two large revolvers, while the smiling countenances of the two amiable young men had assumed a very business-like aspect. "Mr. Bryant, we want all your avail-

able cash. We must have it or take something you value still more dear.

So shell out without noise or delay."
"But I will not submit—" "Yes you will," replied the robbers. and in another second the new woolen scarf just purchased was over his mouth, and his arms were soon securely pinioned. His eyes were then shaded with a new shawl, and the two robbers proceeded to rife the store. They first secured the cash, amounting to about \$400; then they proceeded to select such articles of merchandise as suited their fancy, manifesting both taste and discrimination in their selections.

While these gay and festive youths were engaged in this questionable business, an old farmer just dropped in to pass away a long evening and talk over the news around the cross-road store. The young men received him courteously, and took care of him as speedily as possible by gagging and blindfolding him, and emptying his pockets of At a given signal an old man with his wallet, his knife, several pieces of "Thank fortune we had oceans of good only a cloth around his loins, bearing a twine, a buckle, and a few nails and bread." Uncle Bob's frying-pan soon study and wonder what next was to be-

This business was scarcely concluded when two other farmers strolled into the store. They were welcomed by the bandits and seized upon as legitimate prey. One of this last couple mani-fested his desire to go home by starting off without leave. He ran a short distance down the road, and was then stopped by the persuasive influence of a pistol ball in his hip. He came back inder escort. He and his companion were seated upon the counter with the other two and their pockets rifled. Two more men straggled in separately, one of them an Irishman. These were successfully captured and pinioned, and six men were ranged in a row, helpless, and uncertain as to their future fate.

The robbers having secured the si-lence and security of all their visitors, ressed into service a little boy who "just dropped in," and who was em-ployed in and about the store. With his assistance they proceeded to "go through" the store, manifesting taste and discretion in their selection of goods and trinkets. They took an abundant supply of eigars, tobacco, and whisky, fitted themselves out with new gloves, handkerchiefs, shirts, &c. During this operation they discovered a school-master to be among their prisoners. The pon the immorality of being out late at nights, and its tendency to promote bad habits, and advised him never to go abroad late again. The Irishman was upbraided with being so poor as to have only "forty cints" in his pockets, which they averred was not enough to pay for the rope to bind him with. The wounded man was examined, and pro-nounced not badly damaged, and was made to stand up with the others. Having satisfied their cupidity and

placed themselves outside of a respectable amount of whisky, they then pro-ceeded to arrange for their departure. The prisoners were escorted outside the and ranged in a line facing the road; the boy was pinioned and blind-folded like the others and placed with them. The thieves then led up their horses, and a third horse which had been ridden there by one of the captured farmers. The oldest of the thieves then addressed the prisoners:

"I want you gentlemen to stand perfectly still until my partner is out of sight. I will stay here with you awhile. The first man that raises a noise or attempts to get away I will shoot his head You must wait here perfectly still for two hours, if you don't I'll make meat of you.

One of the thieves had already departed with the led horse. The last one walked stealthily away some distance, and soon afterward was heard galloping away in the direction of the State line. The boy managed to get himself loose from his bonds, and soon had the rest of the prisoners loose. But the beld thieves were far out of sight and hear-

As soon as daylight dawned numbers of indignant citizens were out on trail. The outlaws were trailed into the Indian Territory. It is thought that they will be overtaken.

Female post-office clerks are being largely employed at the South.

My First Loaf of Bread.

Early in the spring of '61, I was engaged in mining in El Dorado county, California, near a little town called Volcanoville, situated on the Middle Fork of the American river. My partner in the claim was an old man from Massachusetts, named Robert Weston, familiarly called by everybody "Uncle Bob"-a forty-niner, and a very good kind of a man, but whose weakness it was to have an inordinate love of "seven-up for the drinks," to which he yielded whenever he had accumulated a little dust. We cabined together in log cabin adjacent to our claim. Uncle Bob was a good man to cabin with -always agreeable and pleasant, and willing to do his share of the chores incident to keeping house. He would sweep out, get in the firewood, and fry meat, but would never attempt to bake bread-the latter feat transcending the range of his culinary accomplishments. As for myself, I knew nothing whatever of the science of cookery, but, unlike Uncle Bob, I was not afraid to "try it a lick, hit or miss." The first week we cabined together we used crackers, from old Sax's store in Volcanoville;

but, on Saturday morning, yielding to Uncle Bob's persuasions, I determined to try to make some bread. We had an old cook-stove and a tin reflector in our cabin, but neither of these suited exactly. I wanted to bake enough bread in one batch to last us a week, so I selected and cleaned out an old Dutch oven of about one bushel capacity in which to try my experiment, I mixed enough dough to fill the oven level full : putting into the mass a little of everything I had ever heard of being put into bread—a little saleratus, a lit-tle cream of tartar, salt, hop juice, half a dozen boiled potatoes, and probably some other ingredients which I do not not exactly remember now. Filling the oven with the dough, I put the lid on and set it away to rise, and we went out to work on the claim, to clean up the past week's run. When we came in at noon, on lifting the lid of the oven I perceived that the dough, instead of rising as I had expected it to, had sunk about two inches. Not wishing it to sink any lower, I raised a fire and fixed it at that pont. When the loaf was cooked enough I turned it out, and a fine looking lot of bread it was. Leaving the loaf lying on the table,

which stood against the window, and through which the sun shone all day long, we shut up the cabin and went over to Georgetown to dispose of some dust and get a square meal or two at a hotel. We did not return to our cabin till past noon on Monday, and we were pretty well tired out and hungry when we got there, the truthfulness of which can be attested by any one who has ever walked the trail from Georgetown to Volcanoville. As we neared the house, Uncle Bob remarked that some papers. He was escorted to a commenced popping and snapping Ruffles continue the popular seat beside Bryant, there to silently pretty lively, and I laid the table, and of trimming dresses both for the taking a common table-knife, I essayed to cut off some slices of bread : but imagine my surprise when on drawing the knife across the loaf I perceive that it did not even make a mark on its crust, whilst the edge of the knife was curled over from hilt to point. Throwing the "cheap John" knife contemptu-ously aside, I drew from its scabbard a very fine Bowie knife, blade of Damascus steel, with solid silver handle, much valued as a gift from an absent friend, and I went for that loaf of bread. The encounter was short, sharp, and decisive—the Damascus blade close to the handle, and the loaf of bread falling on the floor, badly mashing my toes. Enraged beyond endurance, I seized a good Collins axe which lay in a corner of the cabin, and dealt the loaf a tremendous blow. The axe partly glanced on the loaf, breaking out the steel slick and smooth, and the loaf rebounding with terrific violence against the low clapboard roof, knocked a hole through it, and rolled down the hill into the thicket of scrubby manzanita bushes which lined the sides of the ravine. We did not try to recover that loaf, but I next tried my hand on "slapjacks," which we could cut, and

did eat. But the strangest part of the history of that loaf of bread is yet to be told. In the winter of '69, just about eight vears after the loaf of bread disappeared in the manzanita bushes, two men, named Fred Haws and Jim McCusick, (the latter at present State Senator from El Dorado county) being rather short of spondulicks, were informed by an old resident of that part of the county, that the ravine of which I have spoken on the point of discharging a revolver had paid ten dollars per day per hand for gulching up to a certain place a little below the old cabin which Uncle Bob and myself had occupied in days gone by, but had paid nothing above that point. His inference was that the ravine cut a lead running at right angles with it, and that a prospect cut in its side at that point would develop more pay. Haws and McCusick accordingly turned on a good sluice head of water, and-went to work, and soon came across what they supposed to be a large and very heavy washed gravelstone—a certain indication of rich pay in those mines. Laying the stone aside for fu ture inspection, Haws and McCusick went to work with renewed hope, and did find a very snug sum of gold-more than sufficient to pay water, and grub bills, and wages.

But the lead soon gave out, and they only in ruin to the pick-one of Sullivan's best make, genuine cast steel, and exquisitely tempered. They had found a wonderful curiosity. Henry Slinger-land steeped it in forty-10d whisky, and

Killpatrick, who kept the opposition store in Volcanoville (a town not big enough to decently support one store), and who was engaged in a little game of "freeze-out" with Slingerland, be-came alarmed lest Slingerland should obtain the stone for an attraction for his store, and thereby turn the scale of trade against him, and he bid seventyfive dollars for the wonder. Rejecting these offers to purchase, Haws and Mc Cusick carried the stone over to George town to an assay r, who tried on it all the acids known in the laboratory of the chemist; none of which, however, gave satisfactory results, and he was unable to classify it either as metal or metalloid, and gave as his opinion that the substance was an ærolite which had fallen in some antediluvian age, and had got mixed up with the glacial detritus, from which it was extracted by

Haws and McCusick.

As might naturally be expected, the fame of this wonderful stone in time reached San Francisco, and after being exhibited a while in a glass case in Sam Alden's drug store, in Georgetown, it was finally gobbled up, and is now on exhibition in Woodward's Gardens, San Francisco, labeled with the history of its discovery, and a wise disquisition on its undoubted meteoric origin by the celebrated Professor Clarence King.

Vagaries of Fashion.

The newest waterproof cloaks are cut in the redingote style and have a small

Overskirts have gone almost entirely out of fashion, and are now-a-days seldom seen.

In Paris the ladies are wearing blue and scarlet hote, striped respectfully with white and black. Necklaces of gold coin are new, also

bracelets. They are very unique and exceedingly handsome. Brides have altogether given up white satin for their wedding dress, and have substituted tulle and silk.

West Point earrings are the newest. They are made of the gilt buttons worn by the natty little cadets.

Feather trimming becomes more fashionable as the winter advances, especially on velvet costumes. Sealskin is the most fashionable fur

of the season. It is considerably cheaper this season owing to the panic. Colored silk scarfs are worn by the adies this winter, and as a rule are very

becoming to the demoiselles. Brown tinted wedding cards have been introduced this season, but with anything but encouraging success.

Miss Davenport and Miss Jewett, the Fifth Avenue Theatre, are exhibiting some magnificent Parisian toilets. A lady appeared at a wedding reception lately in a dress of eight different and distinct shades of green.

Roman scarf sashes are imported in many new and beautiful styles, and are

made much wider than heretofore. Ruffles continue the popular mode and street. Small ruffles are preferred. Velvet muffs lined with silk or satin and with wide bows of ribbon on either

side are very fashionable. There is very little demand for coral now-a-days, and except for children it is going out of fashion.

Coronet braids are in vogue again. They only serve to elevate the bonnet of

the period a little more. Worth is said to have prepared a costume for Miss Nellie Grant, in which she will appear on New Year's Day.

Gray felt hats, ornamented by a single gray feather, are worn by the ladies of Paris this winter. For evening dresses corn colored silk is coming in favor again. It is most

elegant trimmed with black velvet. A bunch of moss roses on a bit of white lace is the fashionable breakfast

cap of the period. A lady was recently married in a dress of point applique over white corded silk.

Going Down with the Ship.

"That descent into the depths of the sea with the sinking ship," says a passenger on board the Ville du Havre, "was an awful experience, and one that fell to the lot of more than three-fourths of those who were saved. I was standing by the side of the vessel, certain that she was rapidly going down, and that there was no hope of being saved. I would not have given ten cents for my chance of life. If snybody had been to blow one's brains out, I could not have felt more certain of death. We went down with the ship. I do not be-lieve anybody, however well he might have been able to swim, could have helped doing that. She made an awful vortex in the water. It seemed to carry all of us along with her. Nothing could have saved you except holding firmly by some piece of wreck or a life-belt; and most of those on board, I am sure, never even came on deck. I cannot say whether the ship heeled over or not when below the water, but she seemed to me to sink straight."

Frolicsome.

Just such weather as this, thinks the Danbury News, instils new life and animation in a man, and is apt to make him frolicsome. It stimulates him to had leisure to inspect the belongings of their defunct claim. The peculiar shape of that particular gravelstone at the solution of the peculiar shape of the peculiar shape of the peculiar gravelstone at the peculiar shape of the peculiar shape of the peculiar gravelstone at the peculiar shape of the peculia tracted their attention. It was much on Friday evening, and led him to in- must be in part supplied by the body, heavier than any substance which either vite his wife to catch him before he of them had ever handled before, and they were amazed to find their most started on a smart run, and she bore pertinacious attempts to pick it resulted down after him at a creditable speed. He tore around the corner very much in earnest, and stepping on a piece of ice, swung from his foothold and went careening across ten feet of frozen ground, and brought up with considerland steeped it in forty-1od whisky, and as his whisky was known to contain a very large percentage of aquafortis, he was very much surprised to take the stone out just as he put it in, except, perhaps, a trifle cleaner, and he offered its lucky possessors fifty dollars for it, which offer they indignantly refused.

ground, and brought up with consider—
and perhaps a ground, and brought up with consider—
and brought up with consider—
and perhaps a state of exercise or labor until spectacle to see the fond wife pounce on him and hear her gleeful shouts of victory as he struggled madly to his feet and besought her "not to make a darn fool of herself."

which offer they indignantly refused.

Items of Interest.

Buffalo meat is selling for four cents pound in Greeley, Colorado. A searching investigation is to be made in regard to the Ville du Havre

In a Poughkeepsie foundery, recently, a mistake which cost \$5,000 was made in casting an enormous gun.

The Iowa State Grangers have prepared an address on transportation, be laid before the State Legislature.

A rumor is prevailing among the Piute Indians that the Government intends to remove them to other quarters.
The Indians declare they will die fighting rather than leave their present res-

Women are said to have stronger at-tachments than men. It it evinced in little things. A man is often attached to an old hat; but did you ever know of a woman having an attachment for an

Troy workingmen are asking themselves whether the long strike in the iron mills has paid. Twelve hundred men were out of employment summer and fall, and they lost nearly \$50,000 a month in wages.

The tobacco crop of Connecticut of the present yerr, though less in quanti-ty than in previous years, owing to the smaller area devoted to the cultivation of the plant, is fully equal in quality to the famous crop of 1864.

This manifesto was recently posted in the streets of a Down East town: "To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that I have failed; my creditors may go and hang themselves.

A California Judge has decided that a woman who has lived with a man for twenty years and been by him ac-knowledged as his wife, can claim a homestead out of his estate, even in the absence of any marriage ceremony.

An Oregon pioneer asserts that an acre of the beaver dam lands of Washington county, in that State, is worth ten acres of the best prairie, that from \$250 to \$500 per acre are the usual profits on raising onions; \$50 to \$80 on hay; and \$75 to \$100 on grain. It is a vast deposit of pure vegetable mould, with its fertility increased by irrigation from a stratum of water underlying, and not far below the surface of the soil.

David U. Kimball, of Charlestown-Mass., strangled his wife, cut his stepdaughter's throat, and committed sui, cide. Kimball was fifty years old, and had been married about two years. His step-daughter was seventeen years of age, and the murdered wife was about forty years old. Kimball was a black-smith, employed at the navy yard, and kept a few boarders. He had the reputation of being an industrient and tation of being an industrious and sober man. A brother of Kimball committed suicide some years ago, and in-sanity is said to be in the family.

A Michigan veteran of the Mexican war gives an interesting incident in the life of Iturbide, the son of Mexico's first emperor. At the mantla, on the 10th of October, 1847, a-Mexican officer in major's uniform made himself conspicuous by his valor. After striking down four or five Americans he was at length hemmed in where two buildings met at right angles. Six or seven Americans surrounded him, and he could easily have been killed, but they wished to take him alive. It was only, however, when his sword was shivered in pieces that he surrendered, remarking, in good English, that the son of Iturbide was not ashamed to give up to such brave men. This Ituride died about a year ago.

Merciful Justice.

The widow Crepin was a washerwoman at Vanves (Department of the Seine). Her husband had died during the Commune; she had but one child left of ten, a boy six years of age. These losses had reduced her to a state of nervous depression. She was constantly in dread of losing her employment, and, indeed, having been seized with illness, ran into debt, and, at length, was told by her landlord, to whom she was told by her landlord, to whom she owed three quarters rent, that she must leave her lodging. She then resolved to put an end to her own life and that of her child; and, having dressed herself and the little boy in their best clothes, lighted two braziers of char-coal, lay down with the child and awaited death. The little fellow died in the middle of the night, but the mother could not die. When she found that she was alone in the world, she lit more charcoal and now felt confident of approaching release; but hour after hour passed by, and she still lived. She kept the neighbors away on the plea of illness for thirty-six hours after the child's death, and then, worn out by the horror of her position, let them in, and showed them the corpse of her son. The unhappy woman was tried for the mur-der of the child, but the jury were so overcome with pity for her sufferings, that, forgetful of their raison d'etre, they acquitted her, in absolute disregard of the potent fact that she had taken her son's life. This verdict is described by a French journal as

Damp Clothing. If the clothes which cover the body

'merciful justice.'

are damp, the moisture which they contain has a tendency to evaporate by the heat communicated to it by the body. The heat absorbed in the evaporati of the moisture contained in and will have a tendency to reduce the temperature of the body in an undue degree, and thereby to produce cold. The effect of violent labor or exercise The effect of violent labor or exercise is to cause the body to generate heat much faster than it would do in a state of rest. Hence we see how, when clothes have been rendered wet by rain or by perspiration, the taking of cold may be avoided by keeping the body in a state of exercise or labor until the clothes can be changed, which in eyery case should be done as quickly as jossible, particularly underdolding, as